

I SPY!

BEING SOME STRANGE PERSPECTIVES SEEN
THROUGH THE SMALL END OF THE GLASS—
WITH A CHERRY AT THE BOTTOM
DESCRIBED BY
PICTURED BY
HELLEN SMITH-DAYTON
ANGEL BREAKSPAR

MRS. WEEDS—\$1.25 PER DAY—TRY HER

"Does that clock say nine o'clock?" demanded Mrs. Weed, reproachfully, as if the deceptiveness of clocks was past her understanding. "Why, I left the house just as it was striking eight, which would allow me enough time to get here in plenty of time—though I did miss one car. Maybe my clock was wrong—I'll see about getting it fixed."

"Why, since you insist, I might take a cup of coffee, Mrs. Rogers. That's one reason I always enjoy sewing here—more than plenty to eat. It's not that way everywhere I go. You'd be surprised at things I could tell about people who hold their heads 'way up higher than I do—or you, either."

"Still, I can keep my mouth shut and say nothing, as I always say to

was a June bride. Good land! have I gone and cut two lefts? Well, the goods won't be wasted—I can use it for something else. Yes, Jim thought the sun rose and set in me those days. I suppose that's the way your friend talks now."

"Yes, he does," admitted Miss Higby. "But I'm sure it will be all right in my case."

"Maybe so," sighed Mrs. Weed. "Jim left me three times. And yet I believed him every time he came back with a hard luck story and a lot of fine promises. But I wouldn't take Jim Weed back again if he was the last man on earth. And why should I? Here I am getting along well, and even getting ahead a little—free to come and go as I please. Now, wouldn't I be a fool to make it up with him and start to slaving for two instead of just myself? Deed I would. It may sound hard-hearted to you, Miss Constance, but if he came back and offered to cover me with diamonds I wouldn't look at him!"

"Do you still love him, Mrs. Weed?" asked Constance, romantically.

"Love Jim Weed after the way he's treated me? I should rather guess not! I wouldn't take him back, even if I could live like a lady. That's where I stand on that question. I made a dress for Mrs. Preston last week and it cost three dollars a yard, without a scissors in it. It was a lovely plum color and—Mrs. Weed shifted the pins from one side of her mouth to the other—"I wouldn't be surprised if she was thinkin' some of steppin' off herself. Mrs. Preston advises me to save up and get a divorce—maybe I will. Though, goodness knows, I'd hate to waste the money on Jim Weed. He's cost me enough already!"

"I guess you'll have to sit up nights, Miss Wheaton, to wear all the clothes you're having made," commented Mrs. Weed. "I don't think I'd want to have quite so many all to once—things go out of style so quick. Still—I suppose you'll have to dress often at that fashionable place you're going to. Now, that's where we're different. If I was going away on a vacation I'd prefer a quiet place, where I didn't have to keep fixed up all the time like a wax doll in a show case."

"I suppose you'll come back engaged to a duke or a millionaire—land knows there won't be anyone dressed any better, if I did make your clothes. But, whatever you do, don't just take a man because he appears to be all you'd have him. You never can tell about these strangers. I've had all I want of handsome faces and palaverin' speeches. You'll hear plenty of 'em at one of those summer resorts. When I first met Jim Weed he was a dandy lookin' feller, if I do say it. He'd a turned any girl's head. And such ways as he had with him! Heigho!"

"Do you want this organdy made up with val lace? Dear me, isn't it perishable material? I'd like to see you with it!"

"This? Why, this is an old thing I've had three years. I've worn it to work so long it's all gone up. But Sunday I had on a dress you'd like. Little check. Simple, yet stylish. I could give you Tuesday of next week and Friday and Saturday of the week following—if that'll help you out any. I had to cut one of my best customers to come here to-day. I always like to be accommodatin', even if it isn't always appreciated. Oh, certainly I know you do, Mrs. Rogers. I haven't any fault to find with the treatment I get in this house. Now, if you'll get ready to try on this waist—"

"If there's anything I do love to do, it's to work on a wedding outfit. I think you're going to have some real pretty clothes, Miss Constance. Well, this is the time to get 'em—if you never have 'em again. I'm sure I hope you're doing well—still, that's what we all think. Oh, I know you're happy. Well, this only happens once in a lifetime, and you might as well look on the bright side. Of course you're only an inexperienced girl—but I know what I'm talking about. You haven't had your troubles yet—but we all have to go through just about so much. I'm sure I've had more than my share. And when I first knew Jim Weed he was as fine appearing a young man as you intended. Have you a picture of your gentleman? I would like to see what he's like."

"I'm sure I hope he's all you think he is, Miss Constance. But these men—you never can tell. Yes, I hope you'll be very happy. I know you'll make a lovely bride. This goods is so soft and clingy."

"Isn't one of my shoulders higher than the other?" asked Miss Constance Higby, bride-elect, anxiously. "Oh, you haven't got a very bad figure. Why, I sewed for a woman last week and she wasn't any shape whatever. Hope you will have nice weather. You know, happy is the bride the sun shines on. And there's no time like June for a wedding. I

for me, I find, though I'm crazy about it. Jim Weed was a great hand for coffee."

"Now, how would you like this collar finished off? You might have a little narrow edge of black velvet. Black—even a touch—gives such character to a costume. I see they are wearing a dash on most of the French creations. I make it a point to keep posted—course that's part of my business. Did you know that Mr. and Mrs. Judge Gillespie aren't settling along very well together? Yes, I know quite a lot about 'em. Mrs. Gillespie's an awful nice little woman. Makes quite one of the family of me. The Judge, though, never has much to say. He's a queer sort of a man. Why, if you want to have it tucked, I guess we've got goods enough. Of course I never gossip from house to house—but I know you can be trusted with anything. Did I tell you about Kittle Tyson? Oh, I guess I better not! Well, if you promise not to ever breathe it that I told you—"

"You look well in black, Mrs. Willis. He was such a well meaning man. I never was so surprised in my life. Did Miss Thomas make that black silk you had on Sunday? She is a terrible hotch—of course I don't know only what other customers who used to employ her tell me. I wish you could a' saw what she made Mrs. Joseph Rogers. Never



Jim's back. See "Cherry."

seen such a fitting thing in my life—wasn't any fit to it. If there's one thing I do like to see it's a well fitting garment. Yes, he was a grand man—always a pleasant word for everybody—even me."

"You know that black waist I had to get in a hurry?" asked Mrs. Willis. "Couldn't you do some little thing to it? I hate boughen things."

"Try it on and I'll see," said Mrs. Weed, trying to reconcile a needle's eye with a piece of thread. "You must look on the bright side, Mrs. Willis, 'cause it might be a sight worse. Look at my case! You know where John Willis is—which is more than I do. Mr. Willis was a nice man as far as we know, and he might a gone on being nice—and then again—you can't never tell. Some of 'em turn out such double-dealing rascals. My Jim—snf-snf-snf—please excuse my giving away like this, but when I think how bad that black-hearted wretch treated me I can't help it!"

"Would I take him back? Why, I'd want Heaven to strike me dead if I even spoke to him in passing on the street! No, I hope I know when I'm well off!"

"Now, Miss Willis, if you're ready to have this fitted—"

The Cherry—Jim's back; but it won't interfere with Mrs. Weed's sewing for a few of her old customers. (Copyright, 1907, by W. G. Chapman.)

BALLADE OF THE RECEPTION.

Dear me, how do you do!
I've longed to see you so.
Why, what a pretty blue!
It's new I'm certain—No!
My dresses always show.
But you—you're such a way—
A bit of lace—a bow—
(Yes, such a pleasant day)
That Smith woman! Well, who
invited her here? Oh,
Indeed! You like her, too?
But she's so common, though;
Yes, really quite de trop.
And then the neighbors say—
Of course those stories grow—
(Yes, such a pleasant day)

Dear Mrs. Smith, it's you!
Here I've looked high and low
To find some one I knew.
A song! How beautifully slow!
And May's voice like a crow,
I loved that last one, May,
It seemed so appropriate—
(Yes, such a pleasant day)

ENVOY.
No, really, I must go.
I'd simply love to stay.
But—"best of friends"—you know—
(Yes, such a pleasant day)
—Horatio Winslow, in Puck.

A Disappointment.

"You have been taking a great deal of interest in zoology of late."
"Yes," answered the casual student, "I desired to get far from the haunts of inconsiderate and unscrupulous men. But I found dumb creatures doing things quite contrary to the rules I had laid down for them in my books. Even the wilderness has its undesirable citizens." — Washington Star.

Disparity.

The two young women, who had not met for a long time, embraced each other with much fervor.

"How's this, Kate? I hear you have gone and married a rich widower. Is he much older than you?"

"Well, there's considerable difference between our ages, Clara. In fact, he's a war veteran."

"Spanish war?"

"Oh, no; he wasn't in that."

"Civil war, then, of course."

"No—er—Mexican."

MEDICAL FAILURES.

An Authority Says Three-Fourths of Graduates Are Unfitted to Practice.

That 3,000 out of the 4,000 graduates turned out by the Medical Colleges each year are wholly unfitted to practice medicine and are menaces to the communities in which they settle was stated by Dr. Chester Mayer, of the State Board of Medical Examiners of Kentucky at a meeting of the American Medical Association's Committee on Medical Education, held in Chicago not long ago. Dr. Mayer said that only 25 to 28 per cent of the graduates are qualified. Fifty-eight per cent of the graduates examined in 28 states were refused licenses. With few exceptions these failures took a second examination in a few weeks and only 50 per cent of them passed.

"This does not mean that deficiencies in their training were corrected in those few weeks," Dr. Mayer said. "It probably shows that experience showed them what the test would probably be and they 'crammed' for the examination. Dr. W. T. Gott, Secretary of the Indiana Board said: 'The majority of our schools now teach their students how to pass examinations, not how to be good physicians.'"

At the session of the American Medical Association held in Atlantic City in June, Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medical College in Philadelphia said: "Many doctors turned out of the Medical Schools are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe for their patients!" Dr. Henry Beas, Jr., President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Examiners, after scrutinizing the papers of a class of candidates for licensure said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine."

A great many more physicians and chemists might be quoted in support of the astounding charge that 3,000 incompetents are being dumped onto an unsuspecting public each year. What the damage done amounts to can never be estimated for these incompetents enjoy the privilege of diagnosing, prescribing or dispensing drugs regarding the properties of which they know nothing and then of signing death certificates that are not passed upon by anyone unless the coroner is called in. Probably there is not a grave yard from one end of the country to the other that does not contain the buried evidences of the mistakes or criminal carelessness of incompetent physicians.

During the last year there have been perhaps, half a dozen known cases where surgeons, after performing operations have sewed up the incisions without first removing the gauze sponges used to absorb the blood, and in some cases forceps and even surgeon's scissors have been left in the wound. How many of these cases there have been, where the patient died, there is no means of knowing and comparatively few of the cases where the discovery is made in time to save life become generally public. Reports from Sanitariums for the treatment of the Drug Habit show that members of the medical profession are more often treated in these institutions than members of any other profession, and that a majority of the patients, excluding the physicians themselves, can trace their downfall directly to a careless physician.

How many criminal operations are performed by physicians is also a matter of conjecture. Operations of this class are, unfortunately, very frequent in large cities. Some graduated and licensed physicians, many of them of supposed respectability, make an exclusive practice of criminal medical and surgical treatment. Dr. Henry G. W. Rheinhart, Coroner's physician of Chicago, estimates the number of criminal operations, annually, in Chicago alone, at \$8,000. How many resulted fatally are unknown, as when death results, the real cause is disguised in the death certificate, which the physician signs, and which no one but himself and a clerk sees.

Probably not one case of malpractice in 1,000 ever becomes the subject of a law suit but in the last year approximately 150 cases wherein the plaintiff has alleged malpractice have been reported in the newspapers, and owing to the social prominence and the favored positions of many physicians not more than half the new suits stated, probably, result in any newspaper publicity, but it would probably not be an exaggeration to state that the total cases of malpractice, not involving criminal operations or criminal medical practice, would amount to 150,000 or more than one case to each physician in the country. This estimate is, of course, more or less conjecture. Untimely deaths and permanent disabilities are frequent, and occur within the knowledge of almost every one, when life could have been saved, or health restored had the physician been skillful, careful and competent.

A VACATION ROMANCE

By CORNELIA REDMOND

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It was four years ago that I spent that memorable month at Hartville in the Green mountains, a place recommended to me by a friend, where I could obtain absolute rest and quiet. I am a lawyer by profession and it was after working hard on an important suit that I decided to take a much needed rest.

I was while reading in a shady spot under a wide spreading oak that I first met Miss Lee, as she called herself. She was dressed in a pink cotton gown, such as is often worn by farmers' daughters, but the rest of her attire seemed to contradict one's first impression. Her face was completely concealed by a thick gray veil, which was so arranged that not even a stray lock of hair was visible. She had come to the same place to spend a few quiet hours over a novel. Here we spent many a pleasant afternoon, but try as I would I could learn little of my mysterious acquaintance. She always appeared in a pink cotton gown and closely veiled as when I had first seen her. Before long I discovered that it was more than a feeling of friendship that I harbored for her, and notwithstanding the fact that I had never seen her face, and her seemingly distant ways, I had about fully made up my mind to declare my passion to Miss Lee and ask her to marry me. Then one day as the end of my vacation was drawing near she suddenly disappeared. As I approached the familiar oak tree I saw something white fluttering on its trunk, and drawing near I discovered it was a note pinned to the bark. It simply said she was going away and wanted to thank me for all the kindness I had shown her and the pleasure she had experienced from our visits. There



Advancing Toward Me I Saw—Not Helen—But Miss Lee.

was no signature or date. The next few days dragged slowly and then I found myself again in the midst of the noise and bustle of the city.

Town life and its businesslike surroundings had brought me to a somewhat more practical frame of mind, but still through the long summer days that followed I often longed again for the shady spot by the brook, the sound of that gentle voice and the sight of that familiar pink gown.

Early in January my married sister informed me that she was going to give a ball, and that I would be expected to render myself useful as well as ornamental on the occasion.

On the evening of the festivity I put in an appearance at an early hour, and for half of the evening at least the most exacting hostess could have found no reason to complain of me. I talked to the bores, danced with the wallflowers and fed the dowagers.

Upon a little sofa near the door leading into the greenhouse sat a slender, fair-haired girl all in white.

"Miss Warren, I want to present my brother, Mr. Field," said my sister, and then she turned to speak to some one, and I sat down beside the girl in white.

For a moment I closed my eyes and seemed to be back again at Hartville, but my dream came to an end as she stopped speaking.

"Where did you spend last summer?" I asked almost involuntarily, and with a degree of eagerness which I hardly appreciated at the time.

"At my aunt's place on the Hudson," was the reply. "And you?"

"I spent a month among the mountains of Vermont," I said with a sigh of disappointment.

I asked her to dance, presently, and would have liked to monopolize her company for the rest of the evening, but I soon found that her numerous partners had no intention of allowing me to do anything of the sort. I had another little talk with her, however, just as she was going, and succeeded in getting her aunt, who was chaperoning her, to invite me to call.

After the last guest had departed, although it was nearly three a. m., I stopped to ask my sister to tell me something about Miss Warren.

"She is the only child of Livingston Warren," she said in reply to my question. "Her mother died when she was quite a child, and all her life long she has been her father's companion until

last spring, when he suddenly took it into his head to marry again. His second wife was a widow, and it seems to be the general opinion that she married him for his money. Of course it was a bitter blow to Helen, who had always felt that her father belonged to her alone. Mr. Warren and his wife went abroad shortly after their marriage, and have not yet returned. Helen is living with her aunt, Mrs. Gordon, and I believe has been with her all the summer. She is a sweet girl—but do not let us talk any more to-night, or rather this morning. Good-by, Jack, and thanks for your valuable assistance."

I said "good-by," and went home to my bachelor quarters to dream of Hartville and a slender figure dressed in pink cotton.

I called at Mrs. Gordon's in a few days, when I had the pleasure of seeing both the lady and her niece, and a week later I was asked to dine with them. I accepted the invitation and called afterward not once, but many times, and so the months went by, and one bright spring day I found myself wondering whether it were possible for a man to be in love with two women at once. I began to appreciate that I was possessed by a feeling of restlessness when away from Helen Warren, and yet I found it impossible to banish from my heart the tenderness which I felt for Miss Lee.

One evening, early in June, I called at Mrs. Gordon's and found Helen sitting alone in the twilight.

"Uncle and aunt are dining out," she explained when we had exchanged the usual greetings.

I did not say that I was sorry; I was particularly glad, and before half an hour had gone by I had mustered up courage and asked the woman I loved to marry me.

She gave me a hesitating little "yes," and then I kissed her to prevent her taking it back again.

"Jack," said Helen, suddenly, when we had talked over the future that we were to spend together, "were you ever in love with anyone else?"

I had made up my mind that there should be no secrets between us, so holding her hand in mine and looking into her laughing eyes I confessed the little episode of the previous summer.

"Are you quite sure that there was never anybody else?" she asked, when my story had come to an end.

"Quite," I answered honestly.

"I think we might have rights now," she said, rising and going toward the door, through which she disappeared.

A servant came in presently and lighted the gas, and then I fell to dreaming and wondering why Helen did not come back.

The sound of a step on the carpet caused me to look up, and there advancing toward me I saw—not Helen but Miss Lee in her sailor hat, her gray veil and pink cotton gown.

I felt for a moment that I must be dreaming, but a merry laugh which sounded very real fell upon my ear, and the next moment the veil was lifted and Helen's blue eyes were looking into mine and she was saying:

"I am so glad that there is no one but Miss Lee for me to be jealous of."

"You see I have a horribly jealous disposition," she began in answer to my request for an explanation, "and after papa married again I was wretchedly unhappy, and hated my stepmother with a hatred that was only equalled by her detestation of me. When she and my father returned home after their marriage I tried very hard to be agreeable to her, but she asserted her authority over me in such a disagreeable way that one day I lost control of my temper and we had a dreadful scene. Papa heard all about it when he came home that evening, and the end of it was that I was told the following day to have my things packed, as I was going away for the summer. I had expected to go abroad with my father, as we had done so many summers before, and was therefore a little surprised when he told me that I was going to pass the summer at a farmhouse in Vermont."

"My stepmother's maid traveled with me to Hartville, and saw me settled with the Bennets, a miserly old farmer and his wife. The latter, I soon discovered, was a sort of connection of my stepmother's."

"The day upon which I first saw you I had put on this thick veil as a protection against the mosquitoes, which always swarmed about a certain marshy place where I sometimes went for wild flowers. Almost as soon as you got up and came toward me I recognized your face. Although we had never met I had often seen you in town during the previous winter, and thinking it quite probable that we might meet some day, and not caring to appear to you in the light of a naughty child who was being punished for its misdeeds, I kept my face concealed at our subsequent interviews."

"When I told you that my name was Lee I did not tell an untruth, for it is my middle name. I suppose it was very wrong of me to have made a practice of meeting you in that secluded part of the country as I did, but the temptation was too strong, and (I don't wish to flatter you), but there was a certain attraction in your society."

"My aunt had been abroad for some months, but I knew that she was expected home in July. I wrote her telling of my whereabouts, and was not surprised when she appeared at Hartville one evening and told me to be prepared to go home with her the next day."

"I was only half glad to go away with auntie when she came, but for me go, Jack. I hear the carriage, and they must not see me in this time."